1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

835 to live at home in the absence of their husbands. I did not actually come across a case in which this was proved to have occurred, but it is a feature in many tales, and in discussions with the natives arising out of such stories they said that 'plenty of people do it'. While disapproved of, it is not viewed with the same horror as intercourse between a man and his sister's daughter. It is to be remembered that the father is not a member of the lineage.

NAMES

551 Reference was made in the discussion of taboo relationships to the taking of supplementary names. The question of names must therefore be considered in relation to society.

553 It is of no great moment who gives a name to a new-born child. Usually it is a member of his lineage, often his maternal grandmother, but any other person may be asked for or offer a name. If a man falls down in sight of the child's mother before the name has been given, it is considered suitable for him to give it.

551 The name given is often one which has belonged to a deceased relative, possibly one of the mother's brothers or sisters, especially if the child be tsunaun. A boy cannot be given his father's name 'because his father is not of his lineage' (*boania*). If the child is not given the name of one of his forebears, a name will often be suggested by some incident, often trivial, that happened at the time, much as English children have been called 'Jubilee' or christened after some one in the news. A small boy at Petats was called Bulunan, which means 'a message', because his father received a message just as he was born. Nomoin, the name of a baby at Kurtatchi, means 'Go first', and arose out of a dispute over a pathway. Tariri—'Ours'—was the name given to a welcome Petats baby, and Poni—'Again'—to one possibly not so welcome. Sometimes the references are not such as we would consider altogether happy ones. Kalabus was so called because he was born while his father was in prison (= calaboose, pidgin-English for prison), and Kela because his father was bald. Nowadays children are given a European name by the priest when he comes to baptize them, but they generally receive a native name as well.

553 [851]

The name is given a few days after birth, usually on the tenth day, when the child is washed. It is retained in the case of a boy till he puts on the *upi*, and in the case of a girl till her first menstruation ceremony. This ceremony is held only for girls

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

who are *tsunaun*; in the case of commoners the occasion goes unmarked, and there is no change of name. Theoretically the previous name is now taboo and should be heard no more, but in practice it is often retained.

In adult life, names are changed chiefly as a result of death. No change is made on marriage, or on the birth of a child, but if the child should die, both mother and father take another name as part of their mourning. A woman who loses her first-born will call herself Tchinamoa, 'mother of one (dead child)', and will continue to use that name even after the birth of other children who survive. Similarly, the child's father will be called Tamanamoa, 'father of one'. Other names assumed in consequence of the loss of children are Tamanakets, 'father of a buried (child)', Tamanaguwur (from *taguwur*, a child who dies of croup), Bunamoa, 'grandparent of one (dead child)', &c. One woman who had lost all her children styled herself, pathetically, Tchinpasen, 'Mother alone'. An odd hybrid name is Tchinarop, the mother of a child who died at Rabaul and was let down into the grave with a *rope*. Similarly, a child will mark the loss of a parent by calling himself Moitaman or Ketaman, 'no father' (*ke* being an abbreviation of *ake*, no, not). In the latter case the name referred to the loss of the individual's father's brother, his actual father being still alive. Loss of a mother may be marked by taking the name Tatchinan (*ake ta tʃina*), 'no mother'. A widow will sometimes take some name connected with her husband's death, but this is not nearly so general as the change upon the death of a child.

For the death of a child or an adult commoner, only the nearer relatives change their names, and even this appears to be done at the discretion of the individual. The former name may remain in use, and after a time the assumed name is heard mainly from those who find it convenient because the personal name is taboo to them. But for the death of a *tsunaun* every one in the village, even the children, will change, adopting some name having a bearing on the catastrophe. Sarumpots, the brother of Pinari (the same man who figures in the story told on a previous page), had his leg bitten off by a shark, in consequence of which he died. Every one in the place took some name connected with this disaster. Two persons—father and daughter (no relation to Sarumpots)—took the name Baki, a word meaning 'shark', not in the dialect spoken at Kurtatchi, but in that of Hanahan on Buka, a village with which Kurtatchi

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

The women cook a quantity of taro, which must be roasted in the embers, not boiled in a pot. The novices and their *amro* go into the bush and catch a number of opossums and small non-poisonous snakes. These they must bring in alive. They are placed carefully in baskets made of coco-nut palm leaves. Areca-nut and betel-pepper is put in with them. The *amro* take the baskets to the village. Here they form a line. All the women who have sons among the novices form a line opposite to them, carrying baskets full of taro. They sing a special tune and do a dance-step called *dāni*. They weep all the time they are dancing, and every one who hears the singing feels sad and weeps also. It is forbidden to perform this dance except under these circumstances, so I was not able to see it or to hear the tune. Everybody agreed that it was specially fine. The *amro* then pretend to throw the contents of their baskets at the women, who pretend to catch in their own baskets. Then both lines advance towards each other, but do not quite meet, because a low palisade of boughs put up for the purpose in the centre of the village square remains between them. Through gaps in it the *amro* exchange baskets with the women. This exchange of baskets is called *wasi'emor*. Each woman exchanges with the man who is acting as *amro* to her son. As the exchange is made, the *amro* say: 'You take these baskets of betel-pepper which belong to us.' The women take the baskets and run away quickly to their own huts, they are supposed to be afraid of the *amro*. The next stage was thus described: 'The women go to their huts, they think they would like to eat some betel-pepper. One woman opens her basket. The opossum inside is very lively. It bites her hand. She cries out: 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o, here is a 'possum; I thought it was betel-pepper when I took it.' Another woman wants to eat betel-pepper, she opens her basket, a snake runs after her. 'Woo-o-o-o-o-o, here is a snake; I thought it was betel-pepper.'

After the exchange of baskets the *amro* go back to the novices in the bush. The *kwigis* also assemble at the *nōnō*, and the *kwigis* of highest standing in each clan gives the boys of his clan their new names. He climbs a tree (any tree suitably situated can be used for this purpose), and the boys of his clan group themselves at its foot. The *kwigis* then calls out the new name of each. This name he is supposed to receive from the *war*. It must be the name of some one who has belonged to the group and has died, and thus become an *war*. Stress was laid by my informants on the fact that the

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

names now given entirely superseded the names by which the boys had previously been called, which were forgotten altogether. But in practice I found that some of the boys wearing the *upi* were familiarly known by the names they had had since babyhood, though if questioned about this they always explained that these were not the 'names belonging to the *upi*', which would then be stated.

The *amro* will have laid in readiness a supply of certain leaves, collected from the bush. Two of these are varieties of nettle, and sting the skin if touched. These are called *bobuwiar* and *sentun*. The third, called *nes*, I cannot identify.[1] The *amro* now fetch water and soak the leaves in it. With this mixture they return to the village. By this time it is getting dark. The *amro* find the mothers of the novices in the village, and throw over them the water containing the leaves, 'it makes the women's skin sting and they cry'. The women run away into their huts and fasten the doors. The *amro* climb up on to the roofs of the huts where the *tʃina'upi* are hiding, and throw water down through the roof. (The layers of sago-palm leaf thatch with which the huts are roofed can very easily be displaced for this purpose without doing any damage.) Then the *amro* run away from the village and go back to the *nōnō*, where the novices have remained while all this has been going on. This they do by night, a practice contrary to the usual custom except on special occasions, such as the present, when they consider themselves to be specially protected by the nature of their errand from the dangers usually lurking in the bush after dark.

They sleep with the novices in the *nōnō* for the rest of that night, and next morning, at early dawn, they come back to the village and throw stones and sticks at all the huts, not confining themselves to those in which there are *tʃina'upi*. As they throw, they call out: '*Wapor wats!*' ('Throw stones!') The people inside the huts talk among themselves; they are afraid of the *amro*. Then the *amro* return to the bush.

The novices are now given hats of the same shape as before, but decorated with patterns in red-dyed leaf (Pl. 27). Their bodies are hung about with aromatic plants, and painted with the usual pigments.

[1] Another account gave the leaves used as *katʃen*, *kawowar*, and *lasabi*. The sap of the last-named, if applied to the skin, causes little weals. The essential thing is that the leaves shall hurt a little when they touch the skin of the *tʃina'upi*.

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

158 775 828

seemed to be himself again, but he did not want to talk about his experience. The villagers said he had these attacks more often than other people.

775 789

It is perhaps relevant to mention here that some weeks later the same man, when talking to me about love magic, told me that he had an *urar* that belonged to him particularly. His name was Butchiar, and he showed him the magic in a dream. He said that when he wanted to know anything, such as what 'medicine' to use in a given case, he asked Butchiar, who told him. Tchiriv had no particular reputation as a magician among the villagers, and no one seemed to take either him or Butchiar very seriously, but once when they began calling a young man whom I knew as Kakari by the name of Bori, I asked the reason for the change, and Kakari said that Tchiriv had given him the new name, saying that Butchiar had told him to do so.

[553]

158 775 828

The fourth case, which took place some three months later, was that of Minka, a middle-aged man, who rushed round the village throwing logs about. He said afterwards that Maravin's *urar*[1] made him mad, because it was angry about Maravin's grandson, and told Minka that the boy, Kiram, was not getting enough to eat. While he was alive he always looked after him. A young man who heard Minka telling me this said that there were several houses where the boy was given food, and that the *urar* had lied!

158

The fifth case, Togen, also a middle-aged man, occurred two months after the fourth. It so happened that I was away from the village all day, so I did not see the man during the attack, which was reported to have been a mild one. When I questioned him later, he could give me no information about it whatever.

775 828

While talking over with me the episode in which Pinari had figured, my servant said that if he wished he could call the spirit (*amat*) of one of the important men belonging to his family to come and stop inside him, then if he were angry with a man he could send the spirit to kill that man. As long as he was kind to the spirit and gave it food it would not make him mad. Every time he ate he would have to put some food up in the rafters of the house in a special place. If he did not the spirit would be angry and make him mad and he would go about chasing people. He was very serious throughout the talk and ended by saying: 'This is really true about the Kanakas (the name used by the natives for themselves when

[1] Maravin is the old man who had died (on May 10, see pp. 484, 515.)

1: Blackwood E-5 (1929-1930) 1935
ON6 Buka ON6
Kurtatchi

159 neighbouring village) wanted to bury him. He went to look for me; I was at Tchuntchunia (a piece of the coast not far off). I asked him: 'What do you want me for?' 'I want to bury Baki.' 'What, is Baki dead?' 'Yes, he is dead.' 'Well, you can't bury him here; you go and bury him in the place where they bury people who have been baptized.'

Then we went back to the village. I looked at Baki, he was lying there dead. I said: '*Atsat!* (an expression equivalent to our 'Alas!') he is dead.' Then we lifted him up and went to bury him.

Then his spirit (*abin*) turned into a shark, and went to the sea. A lot of men were sitting on their nets, waiting for fish to come up. One man stood up, and saw the shark by the light of his torch, and went after it. It was angry, and said: 'Why did you stand up with your torch and go after that fish?' They all cried out: 'Here is one coming now.' A fish came along, and they all struggled to catch it in their nets. One man, Oga'ur (who died several months ago), tried especially hard to catch it. He went and lay down close to Baki, and his belly all swelled up, and he laughed about it.

Then I woke up in a fright, and looked all about, and said: 'What was it I was looking at?'

Comments by the dreamer. This is a bad dream. I was frightened. I was afraid of the man with the big belly. In the morning I went and said to Baki: 'I dreamed about you last night, I dreamed you were dead.' Baki said: 'I think I am going to die.' 'So do I. I thought you were really dead. I got up, and I did not hear the women crying over you, so then I thought: Oh, it was only a dream.'

Comments by the recorder. Baki is an old man in poor health. He has not been baptized, and does not want to be. His name means 'shark'; he adopted it on the occasion when one of the principal men of the village was eaten by a shark.

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Another individual also dreamed of the death of the same man, owing probably to his long illness, from which he had recently recovered at the time of the following dream:

No. 52. Rarun (adolescent male, aged about 14–15).

I dreamed Baki died of his sore, and we all cried over him. They buried him at night. Then I went out to urinate, and something ran after me with a spear that was all alight. I was afraid, and I cried out: 'Don't kill me.' Then I went and found Takel (another boy, younger than Rarun) and we went fishing at night, and Baki's spirit chased us. This is a bad dream because I was frightened.

The following dream of a visit to the place of the dead, in search of a deceased relative, has its counterpart in many of the stories and

a respectful distance. After the feast has ended the parents of the Matasesẽn give the Marau presents consisting of two or three strings of biruan, spears, bows, arrows and other effects. At the festival place the hassebou are [12] taken off the youths and burned, and there likewise the long locks of the Matasesẽn are cut off, but then tied up in leaves in a bundle and kept in their huts. As a rule one long lock is left on the nape, which is decorated at the end with beads or a shell. After the haircutting the Marau take their Matasesẽn back into their home villages, and this in turn is again the occasion for further festivities. When they come back a tall post or mast is erected on an open spot in the village; this mast, which is decorated with foliage and painted, is climbed by a Marau. From the top he calls the Matasesẽn by the names by which they are to be known in the future; the old name is forgotten. This mast is called kukun a solo; after the name giving it is removed, chopped up, and burned. After the rukruk festivity has been completed, the Matasesẽn can choose a wife. They are considered adults and take part in all festivities of the men. A comparison of the rukruk of the Solomon Islanders with the dukduk of the Gazelle Peninsula forces itself spontaneously upon one. It is not only the name that leads to such a comparison. In the dukduk a special festival place, the tareiu, is set aside for the participants, as in the rukruk the tãlohu--two words which, in view of the otherwise very different languages, have the greatest similarity. The exclusion of women from all festivities at the festival place is common to both and likewise the pretense that the participants commune with spirits at the festival place. The female spirit Ruk a tzon [sic] corresponds to Tubuvan of dukduk, who is conceived as female; the male spirit Ruk a tahol corresponds to the male dukduk. The frightening of women -- in Bougainville by the Matasesẽn and in Buka by the Kokorra--and the appropriation of the objects thrown away by the frightened women is the same in both places, and likewise the slaying of women if they accidentally discover any of the secrets of rukruk and dukduk. The burning of the hassebou and the burning of the garments and masks used in dukduk is a further common characteristic. If we were better acquainted with rukruk, then far more similarities could probably be found. It is easily comprehensible that different characteristics developed in the course of time among the two tribes as a result of their isolation from each other. The inhabitants of the Gazelle Peninsula, who to a far greater extent than the Solomon Islanders have the need

4: Thomas U-5 (no date) 1931 ON6 Buka ON6
Pororan

881 breach is death. The chief now gives each initiate a new name,
[553] which must never be changed or dropped. The names chosen are those of deceased *puts-putsi*, who thus continue, in name, to be present at such ceremonies. This custom is for the pleasure of Ndook as well as for the spirits of the departed.

While this is in progress one or more *muri-na-lium* visit the village where the women are still wailing and relate how So-and-so has been dissected by Ndook: his legs are in one island, his head in another, and his arms in still another. Occasionally one of the men smears his body with pig's blood and, standing before several of the women, relates how he was holding his child when Ndook killed him in his arms. Similar anecdotes are related by the newly initiated when they return to their mothers. The explanation for their safe return is that after Ndook had appeased his appetite with pig and taro he relented and restored them to their mothers.

Food is then divided, and as each section or village receives its portion, the men, placing the baskets on their heads, dance in the centre of the ground. They then retire to consume the food, which is known as *goagon* (sacred food). The women are not told that the men eat the food, which is ostensibly supplied for the consumption of Ndook, who if not well fed will wreak his vengeance upon the initiates. All traces of food are removed from the person and hands and faces washed before the men return to the village. They usually pretend to be hungry, and ask at once for something to eat.

842 The natives of Pororan believe that if a married man has sexual
845 intercourse with his wife on the same night that he returns from a ceremony then she will bear twins. If a pregnant woman crosses the path made by Ndook in his travels the child when born will be deformed.

177 The inclusion of the wooden carvings in the Pororan Ndook
778 ceremony is only of very recent origin, dating from 1928. They are
88 copies of the images used in the Sailou district, north Bougainville,
[532] where initiation ceremonies form a far more important part of the ceremonial life than on Buka. These images were first imported
[139] into Malasang district, south Buka, in about 1920, being purchased with native money. From here they found their way to Hanahan. Prior to this date there were no images, and the ceremony consisted